

CAMERA SCRIPT:

"THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT"

Episode 3

'Very Special Knowledge'

by

NIGEL KNEALE

PRODUCED BY RUDOLPH CARTIER

STUDIO 'A'

CREW 6

STUDIO MANAGER	:	STUART MORTIMER
S.TEL.E.	:	R. McCULLOUGH
LIGHTING ENGINEER	:	MIKE LEESTON-SMITH
CALL BOY	:	JOHN WEST
STAGE MANAGER	:	PADDY RUSSELL
SECRETARY	:	DAPHNE MARTIN

Saturday, 1st August, 1953.

TRANSMISSION : 8.45 - 9.15p.m.

TECHNICAL REQUIREMENTS:

Cameras 1, 2, 3, 4.
2 booms
Grams and foldback
1 prac. monitor on floor
Central telocine
Mechan

"THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT"

EPISODE THREE

CAST:-

1. Professor Bernard Quatermass.....REGINALD TATE
2. Judith Carreon.....ISABEL DEAN
3. Victor Carreon.....DUNCAN LAMONT
4. Dr. Gordon Briscoe.....JOHN GLEN
5. Detective Inspector Lomax.....IAN COLIN
6. Detective-Sergeant Best.....FRANK HAWKINS
7. John Paterson.....HUGH KELLY
8. James Fullalove.....PAUL WHITSUN-JONES
9. American Reporter.....PHILIP VICKERS
10. Indian Reporter.....EDWARD DAVID
11. Miss Wilde.....KATIE JOHNSON
12. Walters.....LEWIS WILSON

with

Halston Crimmins
George Dudley

FADE UP MECHAU - MAIN TITLE

1. MIX TO C.A.M. 4
Roller Caption

W.S. Dico: Band:
Fade music and hold under.

MIX TO CENTRAL - TRAILER

RECAP: (repeated) After it has been lost in outer space for 57 hours, remote control is re-established over the British experimental rocket ship. It is brought down in an emergency landing near Wimbledon. But when the door opens, only one man emerges - Victor Carroon, the engineer. The other two members of the crew are missing, and Carroon seems unable to give any account of what happened.

SHOT 2: CARROON emerging, etc.

Professor Quatermass, in charge of the project, is even more alarmed by the rocket's disappearance when he finds clear evidence that the rocket has not been opened during flight.

SHOT 4 (2-shot): JUDITH and CARROON in hospital.

Carroon's wife, Judith, is in love with Dr. Gordon Briscoe - but now, though distressed by alterations in Carroon's manner and even his appearance, she decides she must stand by him.

SHOT 5 (2-shot): JUDITH and BRISCOE (Ep. 2, Page 27)

Dr. Briscoe confirms the apparent physical changes ..

SHOT 6 (2-shot): CARROON and BRISCOE during examination

While Detective Inspector Lomax of Scotland Yard is puzzled by strangely muddled fingerprints ...

SHOT 7: CU. LOMAX with fingerprints (Ep. 2, Page 24)

Carroon talks technicalities in German - a language he was believed not to understand, but which was spoken by one of the missing men.

SHOT 8 (3-shot): CARROON, QUATERMASS and BRISCOE

Then from the rocket, where the Group's Senior Engineer, John Paterson, is dismantling apparatus, comes an emergency call -

SHOT 9: QUATERMASS on phone - LOMAX nearby. He starts phone down, goes out of shot

SHOT NO. 2

MIX C.A.M. 1 Int. Rocket
High 2 shot PATERSON & BRISCOE

(PATERSON, grim-faced and in greasy overalls, is crouched on floor, where a section of expanded-metal covering has been removed from wall. BRISCOE, in raincoat, is shining torch into cavity)

PATERSON: (ill-disused alarm in his voice) I found it when I was checking the safety-casing of the wiring - in behind there.

BRISCOE: Let's see ... (peering through cap)

PATERSON: (looking up) So I rang you straight away.

Shot 3

CUT CAM. 3
2 shot LOMAX & QUATERMASS

(To QUATERMASS and LOMAX watching)

LOMAX: (O.S.) Can you get at it, Dr. Briscoe?

Shot 4

CUT CAM. 1
2 shot BRISCOE & QUATERMASS

(To BRISCOE as he turns, opens small case, takes out long sample-spoon. He thrusts this through cavity)

(To QUATERMASS)

~~QUATERMASS: Be careful, Pater-~~

Shot 5

CUT CAM. 3
Single BRISCOE

(BRISCOE turns back, bringing out sample-spoon; turns back on it)

QUATERMASS: What is it?

BRISCOE: (holds it, does not read) A sort of powder ... but no vapor ... it's colloidal. (To PATERSON) Is there any more of it?

Shot 6

CUT CAM. 1
Single PATERSON

PATERSON: (nods) I tested at different points ... that stuff's everywhere, lining the wall behind the lining. Centrifugal force could have spread it outwards from - (1 spins round) - from here.

BRISCOE: A lot of it ...

Shot 7

CUT CAM. 3
Single BRISCOE

Shot 8

CUT CAM. 1
Single PATERSON
pan him left to BRISCOE
and right to QUATERMASS

PATERSON: Yes. (He gets up. To QUATERMASS, fear breaking through his voice) What - what went on here? What did it do to them?

Pull back med. 2 shot

QUATERMASS: John, not a rip in yourself! That's what we're all trying to find out.

Shot 9
CUT CAM. 3
2 shot BRISCOE & PATERSON

Hold PATERSON

PATERSON: But I've been in this thing all day. I didn't know that stuff was there - the whole time! I've got a right to know what it is. Briscoe, what d'you make of it?

(To BRISCOE and LOMAX, who has also taken a sample, and is sealing test-tube. BRISCOE is packing his case)

BRISCOE: I'm going back to the research station to begin an immediate analysis of this sample. It looks harmless enough, but -

PATERSON: So would a broth of plague-borne.

Shot 10
CUT CAM. 1
2 shot PATERSON & BRISCOE

BRISCOE: Granted. John, let's not start a scare until there's sound reason for it.

Shot 11
CUT CAM. 3
2 shot LOMAX & QUATERMASS

LOMAX: I'm sending a second sample to our people at the Yard. Perhaps you'd like to compare findings later?

BRISCOE enters and leaves shot

BRISCOE: I should indeed.

LOMAX leaves shot hold QUATERMASS

LOMAX: (follows BRISCOE out) Sergeant Best's outside - he can take this.

QUATERMASS: (to PATERSON) Now - about the sound recording. Did you play any of it back?

PATERSON enters shot left

PATERSON: Yes. I tried to locate something about the control failure -

QUATERMASS: Find it?

PATERSON: Not yet. You know how it is, switching at random into a lot of broken talk. And then - there was the end piece -

QUATERMASS: What happened there?

PATERSON: Just before the fade - out, there seemed to be some - confusion. You'd better listen to it yourselves.

Shot 12
CUT CAM. 1
2 shot LOMAX & QUATERMASS

(LOMAX returns)

LOMAX: What's that?

-- 4 --
QUATERMASS: This is the modified tape sound-recording apparatus.

LOLLY: Did it cover the whole flight?

QUATERMASS: No it covered about 30 hours -

- of course a quarter of that would have been enough for the original experiment.

LOLLY: I wonder if we could listen to it somewhere - can it be dismantled?

PATERSON: In about twenty minutes.

Hold QUATERMASS
PATERSON into shot left

QUATERMASS: I'm going to play it back now.

PATERSON: Why? Why here?

QUATERMASS: John, if you don't want to stop, I'm not asking you. (He manipulates controls) But we may be working against time ...

Shot 13
CUT CAM. 3
Single PATERSON

PATERSON: (anxiously) I just don't see why we have to - to expose ourselves to any unnecessary - (to recording machine) You'd better let me do that. I understand the thing. If we have to re-set it again, we'll be here all the longer - (He takes over)

Shot 14
CUT CAM. 1
2 shot QUATERMASS / PATERSON

LOLLY: Professor Quatermass - who's looking after Carroon at this moment?

QUATERMASS: His wife. Briscoe left her full instructions.

Shot 15
CUT CAM. 3
Single PATERSON

PATERSON: What d'you want to hear?

QUATERMASS enters shot left

QUATERMASS: The take-off first. Then other sections ...

(PATERSON switches on)

GRIM: Disc: Band:
Faint humming, then recorded speech.

VOICE OF LLOYD: Sound recorder on. Victor Carroon speaking. This apparatus will now be left to operate for the duration of the flight.

VOICE OF GRADIE: Reichenheim?
In my check-mirror you look
comfortable. Are you?

VOICE OF REICHENHEIM: Completely
at ease, thank you, Charles.
If only it were going to stay
like this! Ah!

PATERSON: A fine time to start
being funny!

GRADIE: All right, John - !

VOICE OF CARROON: Purple light
on

VOICE OF GRADIE: Stand by,
everyone ... twenty seconds to
go ...

VOICE OF REICHENHEIM: I feel sure
that when they pull the switch,
nothing at all will happen ...

PATERSON: Listen to that!

VOICE OF CARROON: Fifteen seconds.

VOICE OF GRADIE: All right, no
more talking. Just watch the
lights. Ready for it.

(Pause)

REICHENHEIM: (quietly) You'll see
... it won't go off.

PATERSON: Fool!

(A longer pause; then a
sudden roar)

VOICE OF CARROON: (involuntarily)
We're moving!

VOICE OF GRADIE: Quiet!

(The roar continues. PATERSON
turns knob, reduces volume)

PATERSON: That was it.
And then the acceleration would
begin - the full pressure.

(PATERSON turns knob)

Shot 16
CUT CAM. 1
3 shot

(P.V. 4 2 shot)

Shot 17
MIX CAM. 4
2 shot JUDITH/CARROON

GRADIE: Disco: Band:
Fade up volume, then fade on MIX.

CARROON's
quarters Day.

ON CAM.4

(C.U. CARROON, his face haggard. Lips moving slightly. He is half-sitting, half-lying on a kind of steel-tube chaise longue - the effect being less one of comfort than of hospitalisation. On small table at his side stands a heat-ray lamp, directed at him. An electric blanket over him).

JUDITH: (into shot) Victor - try to tell me... Was there some sort of shock - did anything happen to hurt you?

CARROON: Hurt ... no ...

(She stoops, her face on a level with his)

JUDITH: Victor. Victor, look at me. I want to help you. You do see that, don't you? ... If you find it difficult - to say things - well, that doesn't matter. I'll be able to understand, so long as you don't - shut me out completely.....

(No response. She tries a different line)

Shot 18
CUT CAM.2 on her rise
Single JUDITH -
crab her left

crab JUDITH right to
CARROON

Shot 19
CUT CAM.4
Single CARROON

All right - don't try to think about anything but being back here again. (She gets up, pours glucose drink, adds a little water. During this, trying hard to go from normally casual). I had a letter from Francis the other day - she's having a fourth baby in October. Sure to be another girl - big and blonde and sweet-toothed like Francis. (Looks past camera as if out of window) Did you see the giant asters - the ones you planted? They've come along wonderfully. (Goes to him) Drink this - then we'll try and get you over to the window for a look at them. Only glucose, Victor - dull because "good for you." Perhaps we ought to do like Reichenheim, and add schnapps. Remember his mixtures? The laboratory cocktail

JUDITH enters shot left

CARROON: Nicht ... verstaerken!
Tun sie nichts um zu helfen!

(With a sharp convulsive
movement he knocks the glass
out of her hand, turns away.
She is alarmed, perplexed)

JUDITH: What - what are you
saying !

CARROON: (suddenly almost choking)
Man muss verhindern....
zurueckhalten ...

(As if in agony, he rolls
sideways, doubled up, his
face contorted)

Pan JUDITH right to phone

JUDITH: (knocks beside him) Victor -
~~where's the paint~~ ... What is it?

(No response. CARROON's
head moves slowly from side
to side. She gets up, seizes
telephone)

Shot 20
CUT CAM, 2

2 shot JUDITH/BRISCOE at door

Hello, hello ... (rattles receiver
rest) Hello! .. Oh!

(BUZZ)

(Rattles receiver rest
frantically... Buzzor sounds.
She slams down receiver, runs
to door, to admit BRISCOE!
He is still in raincoat,
and carrying satchel-case)

Pull back to 3 shot and
pan right

Gordon! Thank heaven! I was
trying to reach you on the house
line -

Shot 21
CUT CAM, 4
3 shot

BRISCOE: What is it?

(He follows her quickly over to
CARROON, whose eyes are now
open and distant again)

JUDITH: He had a kind of - seizure.

BRISCOE: (examining him) When?

JUDITH: Just a minute ago. I
don't understand - he seemed to
be saying something in German.

(BRISCOE looks up questioningly)

How could he -

BRISCOE & JUDITH rise
hold them

Shot 22
CUT CAM. 2

Single JUDITH pan her down
and up to BRISCOE

Pull back & pan left
as they walk

BRISCOE: Victor. (Takes
OAKMOON'S pulse) What was it?

JUDITH: It sounded like "nicht
verstaerkon". I was trying to
get him to take something. (Picks
up piece of broken tumbler) -----

BRISCOE: "Nicht verstaerkon ..."
doesn't strengthen.

JUDITH: But - he's never spoken
the language in his life. I used
to try to.

BRISCOE: Yes, he has. Earlier
this evening.

JUDITH: What?

BRISCOE: I didn't tell you. He
knew enough to answer technical
questions on the gimbal system
of the rocket.

JUDITH: The gimbal system!

Dr. Reichenheim's

But only...

(She breaks off, horrified)

BRISCOE: (steadily) Perhaps they
talked about it before or during
the flight. He might have picked
up phrases that way.

JUDITH: (failing to convince
herself) ... (suddenly) When
Mrs. Greene was asking him about
her husband -

For a moment she ..

... thought she was talking.

BRISCOE: Judith - whatever you're
imagining, this is the time to
stop.

JUDITH: I forgot - Paterson's
message from the rocket. What
happened?

BRISCOE: He'd found some sort
of - dust, on the interior wall.

JUDITH: Dust? What could it be?

BRISCOE: I'm going to try
analyzing a sample now.

Shot 23

CUT CAM. 1

Single VICTOR

Shot 24

CUT CAM. 2

2 shot JUDITH/BRISCOE at door

(They go to door. He pauses, looks back at CAMERON, doubtfully. Quietly).

BRISCOE: Better leave the door on the latch.

(He goes. Chilled, JUDITH looks towards CAMERON. Fixes catch of door before closing it)

Shpt 25
MIX TO CAM. 1
3 shot

Int. Rocket

(CAMS. 2 & 4 to Outer Room)

(QUATEMASS and LOMAX crouched by sound-recorder, which is reaching end of record - a weird note now dying to a low pitch, interrupted by some crackles of static. Then a faint hum)

PATERSON: (O.S) That's the end.

Shot 26
CUT CAM. 3
2 shot LOMAX/QUATEMASS

(QUATEMASS switches off, looks up at LOMAX)

LOMAX: (rubs ear) What d'you make of it?

(QUATEMASS shakes head)

Whatever they were saying, it was drowned by that dreadful din - My ears'll be ringing for half an hour. What was it - the motors?

QUATEMASS: (worried) You heard those at the take-off.

LOMAX: Yes ...

QUATEMASS: Quite different. In any case, they were only on for very short runs - a total of a few minutes. Just enough to build up escape velocity.

LOMAX: I thought it went out of control?

QUATEMASS: That would take only seconds... (at control panel) Now, the record ends shortly after the rocket began its turn back towards the earth under the pull of gravity. 300,000 miles away.

LOMAX: And Reichenheim and Greene were still aboard - you can just hear the three voices -

Shot 27

CUT CAM. 1

2 shot LOMAX/QUATERMASS

QUATERMASS: (frowning) Yes, until - (turns to recording gear) To think that the whole explanation may be there! Sound piled on sound until there's only confusion. If only we could see what happened!

Shot 28

CUT CAM. 3

Single PATERSON

PATERSON: (O.S.) They were fools!

(PATERSON has braved out his fear till it has turned to a nervous anger)

I always said they wouldn't be able to handle an emergency! Good old Charlie Greene! Reichenheim, concentrating on being facetious. And Carroon - well, we've seen how he came through it!

Shot 29

CUT CAM. 1

Single LOMAX

LOMAX: That's a pretty cheap failure - !

Shot 30

CUT CAM. 3

2 shot QUATERMASS/PATERSON

QUATERMASS: John, what's the point of this now!

PATERSON: (into shot) I'm certain it wouldn't have happened if I'd gone on the flight.

QUATERMASS: How can you possibly say that?

PATERSON: Because I'm sure of what I'm doing! If you hadn't given Briscoe his orders over the medical checks -

QUATERMASS: (taking control)

Pateron, that's enough. I wanted you on the ground control because you were most valuable there. I'm not going to defend the crew members to you, but I can't accept that any man could have done better.

PATERSON: (sebered but stubborn) I judge by results! The experiment went wrong.

(A pause)

Hold QUATERMASS

Shot 31
CUT CAM, 1

2 shot QUATERMASS/LOMAX

PATERSON enters shot right

QUATERMASS: We've all been undergoing severe nervous strain. Better say no more. (To LOMAX) Inspector, I'm sorry about this - purely internal argument.

PATERSON: (a shade of hysteria in his voice) I'm afraid it's more than that, Quatermass!

LOMAX: Look, old chap - why can't you go and have a drink? After a whole day in this thing, you can probably do with it.

Shot 32
CUT CAM, 3

2 shot QUATERMASS/PATERSON

PATERSON: Yes, I ... (to QUATERMASS) what do you intend doing next?

QUATERMASS: Got the results of Briscoe's analysis first.

PATERSON: And then?

QUATERMASS: I want Carreon to hear the end of that recording.

PATERSON: I'll be back.

PATERSON leaves shot

Shot 33
CUT CAM, 1

2 shot LOMAX/QUATERMASS

LOMAX: (as PATERSON goes) Enjoy yourself... Wish I could join you ... (To QUATERMASS) So he wanted to go on the flight?

QUATERMASS: By no means the only one.

LOMAX: In view of what's happened, you'd think he'd count himself lucky.

QUATERMASS: (with irony) But you heard - he'd have prevented it. Quiet fellow, Paterson - desperately painstaking - even more anxious for the success of the project than those who began it. A worthy fanatic.

LOMAX: Yes

Shot 34
CUT CAM, 3

Single QUATERMASS - pan him right & down

QUATERMASS: In his secret dreams he probably stands alone on the surface of the Moon - or Mars - or even some minor satellite - with the exclusive privilege of saying: "I proudly annex this territory."

Shot 35
CUT CAM, 1

Single LOMAX and pan him right

Shot 36
CUT CAM.3

Single QUATERMASS

LOMAX: A treacherous temper.
See him just now?

QUATERMASS: No, a mild man,
Inspector. Working up an old
grievance to hide something he
was ashamed of.

LOMAX: Such as?

QUATERMASS: I'm English. I prefer
not to use over-coloured words
like 'dread'. (pause. Bristly)
I'll get back now, Inspector.
We can compare analysis results
by phone.

Hold LOMAX

LOMAX: (looking round) Yes.
(quickly following QUATERMASS)
We've been here too long....

(They go)

GRAMS: Disc:
Linking music.

Band:

Shot 37
MIX TO CAM.2
Single CU BRISCOE

Research Station
Outer Room

(CAMS. 1 & 3 to Exterior
Rocket)

Pull back to med. shot

Pan BRISCOE right to
bookshelf

Shot 38
CUT CAM.4
Single QUATERMASS in door

(CU. BRISCOE looking through
high-power microscope. On
table, a rack of test-tubes
and other implements for
the analysis of an organic
substance, as well as several
thick biological text books.
The model rocket has been
removed, and the diagrams
have gone from the walls.
As far as possible, the room
should now appear like a
laboratory.

BRISCOE is adjusting microscope
with left hand. With his right
he is making a drawing of
what he sees through the
eyepiece. After a few moments
he sits, studies the drawing
briefly, opens a large
reference book. Finds page,
reads a few lines, slams
book shut, seizes another.
Again fails to find what he
wants; takes up third book.
He is turning the pages of
this when QUATERMASS enters)

Shot 39
CUT CAM.2
Single BRISCOE

QUATERMASS: Well, Gordon, any conclusion yet?

BRISCOE: (a short sigh of perplexity as he shuts book) I feel reasonably certain it's harmless, but apart from that -

QUATERMASS enters shot left. QUATERMASS: No definite identification?

Hold BRISCOE

BRISCOE: I was right about it being organic. In certain respects it's like a post-catabolic residuum ...

Shot 40
CUT CAM.4
Single QUATERMASS

Gordon, please

QUATERMASS: Remember I'm only a mathematician.

Shot 41
CUT CAM.2
Single BRISCOE at desk

BRISCOE: (slowly) It might conceivably represent the dead remnants of cell-tissue.

(CAM.4 to CARROON'S FLAT)

QUATERMASS: Animal tissue?

QUATERMASS enters shot right (BRISCOE nods)

Human?

(BRISCOE nods again)

BRISCOE: Might be. But - if so, the whole cell structure must have been simplified into a single type. Fantastically; impossibly changed ... Look for yourself (Indicates microscope)

(QUATERMASS peers through eyepiece)

You see it? I've made a copy. And now - here are some diagrams of typical animal cells, complex and simple, both living and in process of dissolution - by autolysis, mitosis - meiosis

(QUATERMASS studies these)

They come in every variety (picks up his drawing) - except this!

QUATERMASS: You're sure it's not - any sort of plant cell, for instance.

BRISCOE: (with certainty) No.
Then there'd certainly be cellulose or
something - radically different.

(QUATERMAS comes forward,
his back to BRISCOE)

Pan up to single QUATERMAS: (slowly, awkwardly)
Do you think that this could....
go some way towards ... accounting
for them?

Pull back to 2 shot

Shot 42

MIE CAM. 4 CARROON'S
CU FOLDER QUARTERS evening

(CAM. 2 to CARROON'S FLAT)

(CU JUDITH. She is tense,
half afraid, and half
fascinated. She holds an open
Folder labelled on back:..
"British Experimental Rocket
Group... SECRET - not to be
disclosed".)

JUDITH: (looking past camera)
Victor ... Victor ... when you
were in the rocket ...

(Pan as she changes position
slightly. With something
like a tremble in her voice)

Erinnern sie sich ob ... der
Eingang des Raumschiffes ...
verschlossen war?

Pan down to 2 shot as
JUDITH kneels

(She hesitantly comes nearer
to CARROON. Track back as she
does so, to include him)

Sind sie sicher dass nichts ...
in das Raumschiff eingedrungen ...
ist?

CARROON: (painfully, his head
moving from side to side) ...
Eingedrungen ... eingedrungen ...
No ... no! Don't let it ..

Hold JUDITH as she rises

JUDITH: (her hands knotted over
the file, moistens her lips, ...
whispers) I want to tell Mrs. Greene -
Louise, Lou - I want to tell her
what happened. (with an effort)
Charles ...

Shot 43

CUT CAM. 2

Single BRISCOE

Quick pull back & pan right as
he crosses to CARROON

CARROON: (his voice growing to
a shout) Tell - tell - tell -
Lou - Lou -

(Ends with a convulsed sob, his face twisted. The door opens, BRISCOE hurries in)

BRISCOE: What's going on? What started this?

Shot 44
CUT CAM. 4
2 shot JUDITH/BRISCOE

CARROON: Something there - something there -

BRISCOE: (takes folder from her) One of the technical files... What were you trying to do?

JUDITH: (dazed) You said he'd answered questions about the rocket, so I - Gordon, I couldn't help myself. I had to know - about him. It's so much more than the way he looks. (whispers) It's like a schizophrenic personality, that sub-divides itself. But - (she makes herself say it) - not three known & separately existing people.

(QUATERMASS into shot)

Shot 45
CUT CAM. 2
Single QUATERMASS in door

QUATERMASS: Gordon, I've just spoken to Lornax at Scotland Yard. Their results are the same.

Shot 46
CUT CAM. 4
3 shot JUDITH/CARROON/BRISCOE

JUDITH: The analysis? What was it?

Shot 47
CUT CAM. 2
Single QUATERMASS in door

BRISCOE: (looking at CARROON) Nothing definite - it's not harmful, at any rate.

QUATERMASS: They're going to take further samples, then clear the rocket. I've sent Marsh out there to help.

Shot 48
CUT CAM. 4
3 shot BRISCOE/CARROON/JUDITH

(BRISCOE stoops towards CARROON)

(He is hunched forward, his hands opening and shutting convulsively. BRISCOE puts his hand on one of CARROON's. The convulsive movement ceases instantly)

Shot 49
CUT CAM. 2
2 shot JUDITH/QUATERMASS

BRISCOE: (examines hand) Bernard there's been some change since I last examined him.

(QUATERMASS AND JUDITH)

Pan JUDITH right

- 16 -

QUATELMASS: But that was loss
then three hours ago.

JUDITH: A change? What d'you mean,
Gordon?

BRISCOE: (rolls up CARROON's
sleeve) The skin ... It seems to
be taking on a totally different
texture. (pinches arm gently,
watches for any mark)

(CARROON does not stir)

Not ordinary inflammation - the
blood vessels aren't dilated.
But the surface cuticle - (he turns
quickly) I'd like to keep him
under close observation.

Shot 49
CUT CAM. 2

ON QUATELMASS in door

JUDITH. enters shot

Shot 50

CUT CAM. 4

2 shot BRISCOE/CARROON

JUDITH enters shot L. - 3 shot

QUATELMASS: By all means - but
we're meeting ^{by Bernard} ~~later~~ at the rocket
in an hour's time. You'd better
get him ready for the drive.

(He goes. The others stand
looking at CARROON. Pan down
as JUDITH stoops. Her hands
go out as if to straighten
his collar. She bites her
lip, slowly withdraws her
hands)

Shot 51
CUT CAM. 2

Single JUDITH

Track into CU

JUDITH: (distressed) I can't ...
touch him....!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Linking music.

Shot 52

SLOW MIX CAM. 1

Single PATERSON

Winbladen

Evening.

(Close shot of PATERSON.

He has drunk enough to make
him - normally a non-drinker
- assertive and somewhat ...
irresponsible. His usual
meticulous neatness is ...
disarranged)

(CAMS. 2 & 4 to LIVING ROOM)

PATERSON: My - my point is that
the individuals aren't important -
only the fate of the project
itself.

Pull back to 2 shot
with AMERICAN

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: into shot
as camera tracks back) Wait a

Hold PATERSON

AMERICAN JOURNALIST (cont.)

minute, Mr. - uh - Paterson.
I'd like to take you up on that.

(They are outside the wrecked house. JAMES FULLALOVE is on other side of PATERSON. An Indian journalist also in shot. One or two more circulate round the group)

Surely what happened to those guys is the story?

PATERSON: I don't know what you mean by "the story". I've told you they were inadequate -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: I got that - which seems pretty stiff talk, coming from a somebody that stayed home -

PATERSON: What d'you mean by that! I can assure you -

Shot No. 53
CUT CAM. 3
On FULLALOVE & GROUP

FULLALOVE: (hastily) Mr. Paterson - as a public figure you really mustn't be so sensitive.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Public figure!

PATERSON: You're James Fullalove, aren't you? Writing those special articles in the Gazette?

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: This is where you got tripped up, James -

PATERSON: Yes, you used far too many generalities.

FULLALOVE leaves shot

FULLALOVE: (shrugs) I try to remedy my ignorance of the subject -

INDIAN enters shot right

INDIAN JOURNALIST: But surely, Mr. Paterson - what can there be concerning travel in outer space but ignorance?

Shot 54
CUT CAM. 1
Single PATERSON
pan him right

PATERSON: Of the facts, yes. BUT NOT of the implications. The time will come soon when a floating space station can be established high above the Earth. The first country to succeed in doing so will control the world.

Shot 55
CUT CAM.3
On FULLALOVE & GROUP

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: You're pretty sure about it, Mac-

PATERSON: (astride his hobby-horse) I'm sure because I'm not a fool!... From there every inch of the Earth will be under scrutiny; atomic weapons can be fired at any target with one hundred per cent accuracy - and no chance of interception -

FULLALOVE: Mr. Paterson, there's such a thing as speech off the record, of course - and I'm sure none of my colleagues would wish to take advantage -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Hey, no nuzzling! Let him talk!

PATERSON: I intend to. I'm not giving away state secrets, Fullalove.

FULLALOVE: Not so far - I recalise that, but -

Shot 56
CUT CAM.1
2 shot PATERSON / INDIAN

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Okay, then.

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Mr. Paterson, the communique on the landing of the rocket referred to the original intention of the experiment -

PATERSON: Yes. To reach a height of approximately 1,500 miles and turn into a circular orbit around the earth.

Pan PATERSON left

Shot 57
CUT CAM.3
Single INDIAN

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Yes, and to make... "certain observations". Mr. Paterson, can you tell us the way to be observed?

Shot 58
CUT CAM.1
Single PATERSON

(There is a tense hush. PATERSON realises he has got himself into a difficult position)

Shot 59
CUT CAM.3
2 shot INDIAN / AMERICAN

(Pan along faces of AMERICAN JOURNALIST and others to hold WILSON, a thin-faced, bright-eyed man. He holds a large press camera, but shows none of the instinct of his kind in using it. He stares, fascinated, towards PATERSON, then becomes... ..)

conscious of the man next to him. Pan on to this man - SERGEANT BEST, as WILSON self-consciously raises camera. BEST frowns)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (having changed his mind, O.S.) Maybe after all, you'd better not answer that one.

Shot 60
CUT CAM. 1
Single PATERSON

(PATERSON, FULLALOVE, AMERICAN JOURNALIST)

PATERSON: The observations in this case would have been purely scientific. Temperature, cosmic-ray intensity, and so on.

FULLALOVE: Then why not say it - there was no political or military object?

PATERSON: (lambly) No, none.

Pan group r.

(ON BEST. He turns slowly away from group. Track with him towards rocket, outside the door of which a POLICEMAN is standing on duty. LOMAX is coming through door. During this, we hear PATERSON's receding voice)

Shot 61
CUT CAM. 3
2 shot BEST/LOMAX

PATERSON: (O.S.) But my point still is - the experiment didn't succeed in what it set out to do -

(The JOURNALISTS continue questions in background)

CRUIS.
Car arriving

BEST: (with jerk of head) He's doing a lot of talking..

LOMAX: Who?

BEST: Paterson of the Rocket Group. I'd say he's been having a few.

Pan them left

LOMAX: Well, there's no question of security at the moment - I've checked that. But if he's giving away Quatermass's trade secrets - are they all Press?

Shot 62
CUT CAM. 1
GROUP SHOT

BEST: I think so. They know Carroch's being brought here.

LOMAX: (grinly) Of course he'll have spilled that too! I'd better see what's going on -

(On PATERSON, AMERICAN JOURNALIST and FULL LOVE)

FULL LOVE: But surely the men had exhaustive physical tests before they were chosen?

PATERSON: Physical, yes. I'm talking about personality - resourcefulness - imagination -

FULL LOVE: Vague terms, Mr. Paterson.

Shot 63
CUT CAM. 3
2 shot LOMAX/AMERICAN

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: It's his opinion!.....

(as LOMAX comes into shot)

Hi, Inspector - who's the spaceman duo?

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Is it true he has lost his memory?

LOMAX: (glances at PATERSON) There may be a statement later. In the meantime -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Hey - there they are!

(All turn. One or two rush out of shot. Shouts)...

LOMAX: All right - let them through, please. If you please -

Shot 64
CUT CAM. 1
Group shot QUATEMMASS/ CARTOON JUDITH/BRISCOE

(To QUATEMMASS, who is followed by BRISCOE, supporting CARTOON, and JUDITH. Pan them across)

Pan them left to rocket

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Sir, are you Professor Quatemass?

QUATEMMASS: Yes, but if you don't mind.....

BRISCOE: Please - don't hold us up!

QUATERMASS: Gordon, hurry!

(BRISCOE forces his way through with CARROON)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Hey, you can't run out on us like this, Professor!

LOMAX: There'll be a statement later --

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: I asked the Professor!

(As he turns indignantly to LOMAX, PATERSON is revealed)

FULLALOVE: It's all right, Professor Quatermass - your colleague's been putting us in the picture.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Yen, what is all this about the failure of the mission?

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Have you found out what happened to those men?

QUATERMASS: I hope to have something to say - very shortly.

LOMAX: Please, Professor! The others are inside - waiting for you.

(QUATERMASS goes)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Say, they are going into the rocket.

LOMAX: Mr. Paterson - are you joining us?

PATERSON: I'd better do my duty!

(PATERSON follows the others)

LOMAX: Would you be as quiet as possible while we're carrying out these tests. (He goes)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: So sorehead wasn't kidding. Well, I'm going to find some place to take the weight off my feet. Not too far away, though.

FULLALOVE: Um. There might be something among the debris - Yes, I can see a chair --

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: That'll do no.

Shot 65
CUT CAM.3
On 3 Journalists

Shot 66
CUT CAM.1
Single QUATERMASS

LOMAX enters shot r.

QUATERMASS leaves shot

Hold LOMAX

Shot 67
CUT CAM.3
3 shot of Journalists

FULLALOVE: (going towards wreckage, followed by AMERICAN) There was an old lady here last night when it fell - I believe they took her away.

(WILSON into C.U. Raises camera, takes flash-photograph of rocket)

Shot 68
MIX CAM, 4

Single MISS WILDE

Int. Living Room
Night

(CAMS. 1 & 3 to INTERIOR
ROCKET)

(MISS WILDE's living room is not seriously damaged. The window glass has been replaced by cardboard and paper, and one of the walls has crumbled. Her small brass bed has been brought downstairs. The room is chintzy and has a great many animal-pictures. China dogs on the mantelpiece and there is an empty birdcage.

MISS WILDE has just finished her evening meal of tea and toast, and is pouring a saucer of milk for her cat, who is in her lap)

MISS WILDE: There, Henry, drink it up. Poor Henry ...

Shot 69
CUT CAM, 2

On MISS WILDE - pan her
right to door

(Noise of furniture being moved outside. She rises, taking HENRY with her)

There's somebody else. All day long - all day long ...!

(She opens door, which leads to wrecked part of house)

Now, I'm quite all right - You mustn't bother about me -

REPORTERS into
shot right

FULLALOVE: (startled to find her there) I'm - or - bothering about no. While I wait for a story, d'you mind if I sit in one of those chairs?

MISS WILDE: Goodness, no - you'll get all over white. Come in here.

FULLALOVE: Thank you.

MISS WILDE: You were here last night ... (Pours past him as he enters) Are all these men reporters?

Pan r. to reporters

FULLALOVE: Most of them.

Shot 70

CUT CAM. 4

2 shot FULLALOVE/MISS WILDE

MISS WILDE: Poor things. (Calls)
Why don't you people come inside?

FULLALOVE: I didn't expect to find
you still here, Miss Wilde.

(AMERICAN JOURNALIST enters,
Followed by others)

Shot 71

CUT CAM. 2

Single MISS WILDE

Shot 72

CUT CAM. 4

Single AMERICAN

MISS WILDE: I couldn't leave all
my things. So Mr. Matthews next
door brought my bed down - That's
it - there's room somewhere for
everybody. I'll put the kettle
on and make a big pot of tea.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Cuts little
game.

(They sit down where they can)

Well, so long as we're all here
together. A cup of tea's just
what I need.

Shot 73

CUT CAM. 2

Single MISS WILDE - pan
her left to AMERICAN

(MISS WILDE brings huge silver
teapot into shot)

MISS WILDE: When I see some of
the things they sell nowadays, I'm
very proud of my tea service.
It belonged to my mother before me,
and, do you know, I still have
every piece. Practically every-
thing here was once my mother's.
So during the blitz I found my
own ways of keeping them safe.
You have to take special care of
possessions.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: I guess last night was just like the blitz?

MISS WILDE: (practically) Oh no - there weren't any sirens.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: I meant the damage - the noise -

MISS WILDE: That part, of course. But it wasn't on purpose this time - they didn't mean to spoil my house.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: It's still pretty tough when they do.

Hold MISS WILDE

Shot 74
CUT CAM. 4
2 shot MISS WILDE/AMERICAN

MISS WILDE: Yes. (Picks up the crumpled parrot cage) Just look at poor Polly's cage -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (sympathetically) Gosh, where's the parrot?

MISS WILDE: Oh, Polly died in 1947. I was keeping this in his memory. (Puts it down, takes out from AMERICAN) Now Henry, come along and we'll make the tea.

Shot 75
CUT CAM. 2
Single MISS WILDE

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Uh - when it's made, perhaps you'd tell me what you think of this whole business - going thousands of miles up in a rocket and so on -

Pan her left to door

MISS WILDE: It might be quite a novelty ... at first. But I'm afraid I should be rather bored. I like to be where people are. (Going) Now Henry, you're going to help me boil the water ...

Shot 76
CUT CAM. 1
2 shot BRISCOE/CARROON

PHOTOGRAPHER: Oh. (He offers
cigarettes, finds WILSON is again
looking out of window. Takes one
himself. While he does so, WILSON
makes a quick signal through
window)

MIX TELECINE:

Suburban street, dusk. Saloon
car parked on opposite side.
Headlights flick on and off,
twice.

MIX CAM:

Int. Living room

(On WILSON. He turns back,
grins at PHOTOGRAPHER)

WILSON: Wondering if I could see
the rocket. But of course it's on
the other side of the house. Stupid
of me..

ON 1

Int. Rocket

(CARROON is seated on bunk.
One of his shirt-sleeves is
rolled up and BRISCOE is
giving him an injection in arm)

BRISCOE: That's about the
minimum dose. It can't hurt him.

(CAM.2 to rocket exterior)

LOMAX: (O.S.) Barbiturate?

Pull back

BRISCOE: Just as you suggested,
Inspector. (Dabbing arm with
cotton wool) A mild narcotic can
stop the higher centres over-
controlling the memory. If it
is amnesia. (Pulls sleeve down,
looks across: quietly) The skin
symptoms - still more pronounced.

: Pan to 2 shot LOMAX/
QUATERMASS

(QUATERMASS and LOMAX. JUDITH
in background)

QUATERMASS: We're not going to
postpone this new, Gordon.

LOMAX: (sotto voce) It must be
loss of memory. Briscoe's been
letting his imagination run away
with him these past few hours - all
this business about "physical
changes"!

Pan QUATERMASS right.

QUATERMASS: I hope you're right.
Ready, Gordon?

BRISCOE: (O.S.) Yes.

Shot 77

CUT CAM. 3

2 shot QUATERMASS/PATERSON

(Pan QUATERMASS over to recording
gear, over which PATERSON
crouches)

PATERSON: I've set it to play
back the last five minutes.

QUATERMASS: (to BRISCOE) That
shouldn't be too much for him -

Shot 78

CUT CAM: 1

2 shot BRISCOE/CARROON

(BRISCOE settling CARROON on
bunk)

BRISCOE: Now - you're all right -

(JUDITH into shot)

JUDITH: Here?

BRISCOE: (nods. Then to CARROON)
Relax. Hands down. Now relax.
The rocket's in flight ... near
the farthest point ... near the
apogee ...

(On QUATERMASS and PATERSON)

Shot 79

CUT CAM. 3

2 shot QUATERMASS/PATERSON

QUATERMASS: (whispers) Right.

(PATERSON switches recorder on)

SOUND ON FILM ONLY

V.O. REICHENHEIM: I'd put it at another 25 hours. Victor?

V.O. CARROON: Yes, when they get us within range -

(On CARROON. His expression is concentrated)

- there's a fair chance the remote control might function again.

V.O. GREENE: Our own's gone - you're sure?

V.O. CARROON: The whole alpha-coupling. We could try to use it, but I think we've a better chance drifting like this.

V.O. GREENE: Yes - the Earth's almost ahead now. There - the 2nd vision monitor.

V.O. REICHENHEIM: Nearly 400,000 miles away, Charles. What no other human beings have seen ...

(Very faint electronic sound, hold under)

V.O. GREENE: There it is again!

(On QUARTERMASS)

V.O. CARROON: What?

V.O. GREENE: Listen - (Steadily) All procedure suits on. Routine precaution.

(Scuffling as they do this)

V.O. REICHENHEIM: Whatever it is, we've heard it before - it didn't seem to signify anything -

(Electronic sound slightly louder)

Shot 80
CUT CAM: 1
Single CARROON

Shot 81
CUT CAM: 3
Single QUARTERMASS

Shot 82
CUT CAM: 1
Single CARROON - track
in on him

Shot 83
CUT CAM.3
CU Recorder

(On CARROON. He shudders,
twists)

V.O. GREENE: It's louder ...

(Track in on CARROON.
His face contorted.
Pan up to bunk above him)

(Electronic sound louder)

MIX TELECINE: CENTRAL

Shot 1: C.S. CARROON, also in
space-suit, just about to close
helmet. (As in film of take-off,
he looks noticeably different
from live shots.)

REICHENHEIM: Nothing showing on
the scanners -

GREENE: Then it can't be a meteor
swarm.

Shot 2: C.S. CARROON, also in
space-suit, just about to close
helmet. (As in film of take-off,
he looks noticeably different
from live shots.)

CARROON: The temperature ...

GREENE: What?

CARROON: It's getting colder.

Shot 3: C.S. GREENE. He turns
to dial on control panel, then
back.

GREENE: You're right - dropping
rapidly. Got your helmet closed.

REICHENHEIM comes into shot.

REICHENHEIM: Something wrong with
the pressurization?

GREENE: No - normal. I don't
understand this -

Shot 4: H.S. Interior of rocket.
They sway (not stagger) suddenly
as camera tilts sideways to
produce effect of sudden roll.
They hold on to nearest object.

(Electronic sound
simultaneously up)

Shot 5: C.S. CARROON, horrified

CARROON: (almost shouting) What was that?

Shot 6: M.C.S. GREENE and REICHENHEIM. CARROON to foreground panel

GREENE: Check the stabilizer system. (He is following the thermometer, REICHENHEIM the scanner)

Shot 7: C.S. CARROON and GREENE

CARROON: Stabilizer operating normally. What could have caused that sudden roll?

GREENE: (shakes head) I don't know. And the way the temperature's going down -

(Electronic sound up)

(REICHENHEIM leaves scanner, comes forward. Pan up over others to him. He looks about in alarm)

REICHENHEIM: There's a change in the sound.

Shot 8: C.S. GREENE, frowning

GREENE: What d'you mean?

Shot 9: C.U. CARROON. His eyes searching rocket, afraid

CARROON: (shouting above sound) Yes, yes - he's right! It's inside!

GREENE: What?

CARROON: It's inside the rocket - here with us!

Shot 10: W.S. Whole of interior. The three men have backs to control panel, looking about. CARROON forward, turns, looks up, then at others. Shakes head.

Shot 11: Reverse C.U. CARROON

CARROON: But there's nothing to see!

Shot 12: M.C.S. Control Panel. GREENE suddenly twists to one side, then to other, looks up, startled. REICHENHEIM puts hand on his shoulder. GREENE raises other hand as if to ward off something, then brings it back sharply, guarding throat.

(Electronic sound full)

REICHENHEIM: Charles! What's the matter?

He doubles up suddenly, clutching the control panel. REICHENHEIM is trying to keep him when he, too, suddenly twists round to face something.

He sprawls backwards. CARROON into shot, grabs him.

GREENE: Can't you feel it? Can't you - (Breaks off with a painful gasp)

Victor -

CARROON: What can we do -

REICHENHEIM: (agonised) Nothing! Yes - fight it with ourselves!

CARROON staggers. Looks across to GREENE, his eyes widening.

Shot 14: C.S. GREENE. He has taken helmets off, and his right hand is at his throat. He sways, eyes half closed. CARROON into shot behind him.

GREENE: Save me - save me -

CARROON: There can't be anything! Greene, listen to me - you mustn't give way - Greene. (Seizes him by arm)

His face fills with horror. The left sleeve of GREENE's pressure-suit is empty. It collapses under his grip. He lets go. GREENE sways helplessly forward out of shot.

No - no!

Shot 15: C.S. REICHENHEIM

Shot 16: C.S. (Low angle) GREENE, close to floor

REICHENHEIM: Wir haben uns in die dunklen raume gewagt ... und was wir dort gefunden haben ist ein ubles ding ...

GREENE: I don't understand - what is it? I don't understand. Louisa ... Lou, darling -

Shot 17: C.S. REICHENHEIM

REICHENHEIM: Victor, get to the controls - I can't see! I can't see any longer.

Shot 18: C.S. CARROON, swaying towards controls. He manages to steady himself, spins control wheel. He throws switch, finds it does not respond - it is loose in his hand. Desperately he tries other controls. Suddenly, with a convulsive movement as if he has been forcibly pulled from the panel, he turns his back to it. His hand to his throat.

CARROON: The cold - the dreadful - cold!

Shot 84

MIX TO CAM.1

CU TAPE RECORDER

MIX CAM: Int. Rocket

C.U. CARROON

(C.U. CARROON on bunk. His eyes are closed. He breathes in deep, sobbing gulps, his head rolling from side to side)

V.O. CARROON: The cold ... the cold.

Pan left to PATERSON
and QUATERMASS then to
CARROON

V.O. REICHENHEIM: Victor - do something. Save us - don't give in.

V.O. GREENE: Try - try - try -

(CARROON gives a sudden, long anguished cry)

Shot 85
CUT CAM. 3

JUDITH: (into shot) Stop that thing - switch it off!

Single QUATERMASS

(QUATERMASS switches off sound recorder)

CUT SOUND ON FILM

Shot 86
CUT CAM.1
Group shot

(There is silence apart from
CARROON's painful breathing.
QUATERMASS turns. LOMAX also
into shot, looking towards
CARROON)

(JUDITH turns from bunk, where
BRISCOE is examining CARROON,
whose body still twists)

JUDITH: It was too much - he
couldn't have stood another
moment of it.

BRISCOE: Try to relax - relax ...
(Looks up) Completely exhausted.

Shot 87
CUT CAM:3

Single QUATERMASS -
pan him left to LOMAX

(QUATERMASS and LOMAX)

QUATERMASS: It had to be done.

LOMAX: (slowly) Apart from what
he was shouting ... you could almost
see from his face - what must have
happened ...

PATERSON enters shot right

PATERSON: (into shot, now trying
desperately to rationalise his fear)
No - no, I won't have it! I won't
believe it! There was confusion -
that's all we know - an emergency
and they weren't ready for it - !

Shot 88
CUT CAM.1
CU JUDITH

(His voice tails away. He too
stares at CARROON.)

JUDITH, BRISCOE looking down
at CARROON)

JUDITH: Something ... did get in.

GRAMS. Disc:
Linking music - few bars

Band:

Shot 89
MIX CAM.2
3 shot journalists

ON CAM.2

Ext. Rocket.
Night.

(POLICEMAN on duty outside
rocket, of which door is
closed. AMERICAN JOURNALIST
into shot)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: (looks at
watch) Well, I only hope they're
getting some place with this lost
memory session.

(Finds cigarette case as
FULL LOVE joins him)

FULL LOVE: Amnesia. It's been
out of fashion for years.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Sure - the
repentant sugar-daddio's oldest
gimmick: "But I don't know who
the girl was, dear - I musta hadda
blackout"!

GRUES. Disc: Band:
Rocket door opening.

(He turns, points) ... Hey - it's
opening!

(Pan him away from rocket)

Charlie! Charlie - make with
that camera, will you? (Muttera)
Still cramming himself with the
old lady's crackers -

FULL LOVE: Here's someone coming
now -

CARROON/BRISCOE/BEST etc.
into shot left

INDIAN JOURNALIST: (into shot)
They are - carrying him - almost - !

(Other JOURNALISTS into shot.
They go towards rocket, of
which the door is now open.
BEST and BRISCOE support
CARROON down steps; JUDITH
also behind)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Yeah - looks
like the kid's practically passed
out - (To BRISCOE) What got him
this way? Did he remember?

FULL LOVE: About the two missing
lion? Dr. Briscoe, was he able to
tell anything?

BRISCOE: No. Now, where's a
telephone? We've got to call an
ambulance.

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Yes, the man is seriously ill - Look at his face -

JUDITH: Please, we must hurry!

FULL LOVE: There's a phone in Miss Wilde's house - the damaged one.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Say - why not bring him in there so he can rest while you call the hospital?

BEST: Sounds like a good idea -

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Over here ... careful now, going through the rubble -

(Pan away from them as they go, on to racket. BRISCOE coming stiffly down ramp. His face is horror-stricken. He looks after them for a moment, then turns out of shot in other direction)

Shot 90
CUT CAM: 4 Int. Living-room.
Single MISS WILDE

(Close shot of MISS WILDE, looking up, puzzled by hubbub of approaching party)

pan her right to door

MISS WILDE: Oh dear - What is it now!

FULL LOVE enters shot right

FULL LOVE: (entering) I'm afraid you've got more visitors, Miss Wilde.

MISS WILDE: Is that all. Oh well - I've plenty of tea!

group enters shot right

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Now don't you worry, Mrs. Carroon - he'll be O.K. - he can rest up inside here.
VOICES: Don't crowd him! Let no through! Give the chap a chance! etc.

(CARROON is brought in by BEST and BRISCOE. The other JOURNALISTS close behind)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: See - there's even a bed ready. Miss Wilde, you don't mind if this sick guy lies down on the bed a minute?

Shot 91
CUT CAM: 2
Single MISS WILDE - pan her right to bed

MISS WILDE: Bless my soul, of course not. (To bed) Just let me straighten it ...

BRISCOE/CARROON/BEST - into shot right

CARROON is still undergoing violent shudders as BRISCOE steers him towards the little iron bed

BRISCOE: All right, sergeant, I can manage him.

BEST: Sure?

BRISCOE: Yes - got on the phone. Quickly. (BEST to phone, dials) Lie back now, Victor - let yourself go limp. Relax.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: Stand clear, boys - give the guy some air. He's tuckered out.

BEST: (into phone) Ambulance, please.

MISS WILDE: I'm afraid that pillow is isn't very comfortable. My best ones were ruined with the other bedroom things last night

JUDITH: The colour of his face!

Track in to CU
CARROON'S face then pan
up to cactus on shelf

(Track in on CARROON lying on bed. On a tiny table beside it are the crumpled birdcage and a potted cactus. CARROON'S eyes are wide, fixed on these.)

AMERICAN JOURNALIST: He's in bad shape, no doubt about that.

BRISCOE: Complete exhaustion. (To BEST) Sergeant, tell them to hurry that ambulance.

Shot 92
CUT CAM. 4
Single BEST

BEST: (O.S.) I'm just getting through.

Pan right to FULLALOVE
and INDIAN

(On FULLALOVE, INDIAN JOURNALIST WALTERS and others)

INDIAN JOURNALIST: (quietly) To reduce him to that condition, they must be desperately anxious to discover something.

FULLALOVE: Two men are missing.

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Surely that would mean dead, and no more could be done. So why this haste now?

FULLALOVE: You're still doubting the experiment was solely scientific. I'm convinced you're wrong, Chaudhuri.

Pan WALTERS & hold him

(Pan to Wilson. He turns away towards camera - not trusting the expression on his face)

INDIAN JOURNALIST: (O.S) You heard Paterson on the possibilities of space warfare?

FULLALOVE: (O.S) If Quatermass were involved in anything like that, there'd be a security blanket. D'you think we'd be allowed near this place?

INDIAN JOURNALIST: (O.S) The English can be very subtle in such things. Unless, of course, they are... being very stupid.

(WILSON blinks nervously, licks his lips. Track back to take in FULLALOVE and INDIAN JOURNALIST)

FULLALOVE: (shaking head) In this case, though - neither. Just very ~~very~~ much confused.

Shot93

CUT CAM.2

CARROON & CACTUS

(Onbed. CARROON's hand is reaching out waveringly towards the cactus)

Pull back to include

BRISCOE, JUDITH & MISS WILDE BRISCOE: You must try to rest, Victor.

JUDITH: The strain of that session with the sound-recording - it drove him nearly crazy. If, it was - what we think - perhaps we'd no right to try to remind him.....

BRISCOE: The way he's moving his hands....

MISS WILDE: What does he want?

BRISCOE: (puzzled) I don't know....

MISS WILDE: D'you think the sight of my cactus can be bothering him?

BRISCOE: The cactus? You needn't worry about that.

MISS WILDE: (picking it up) Oh yes, sick people can take very strange notions. Once when my cousin Emily had influenza, she couldn't bear the smell of rice pudding. (Holds it up) It's quite harmless, you know

MISS WILDE: (continued) - but it might be a little alarming to a sick person.

.... I'll put it in the kitchen.

Shot 94
CUT CAM.4

(CARROON's eyes follow her as she goes out of shot)

(On INDIAN JOURNALIST, FULL LOVE etc)

FULL LOVE: (to king across room) The old lady's safe-guarding her property... that cactus probably belonged to her mother too - it's repulsive enough.

INDIAN JOURNALIST: Mr. Fullalove, you are not listening to what I am saying. The international aspect cannot be overlooked. You, as a representative of a western nation, are forgetting that there are large areas of the world that would fiercely resent being observed or overlooked.

(A screaming cry from CARROON cuts him off. He turns his attention to where FULL LOVE's is concentrated)

BRISCOE: (o.s.) No - you must stay where you are!

FULL LOVE: What's going on over there?...

Shot 95
CUT CAM.2

CARROON & GROUP

(He loads as INDIAN LISTENERS move quickly across room)

(CAM.4 quick move to outside door left)

CUT C.H:

(On CARROON, rising from bed, his movements are very slow, like a sleepwalker's)

C.H.3: DISC:
Fade up music.

B.H.D:

BRISCOE: Victor, you're not fit to move about.

Hold CARROON pan him left to door

(He makes to take hold of CARROON, but INDIAN prevents him. She is staring at CARROON as he grabs his feet, his hands outstretched before him, opening and shutting)

(She lifts her arm instinctively
as if to shield herself, and
turns to one side, as warning
shouts come from the others.)

DANESCOE: Victor, come back!

Shot 96
CUT CAM. 4
~~Single CARRCOON in doorway~~

(Other voices in a burst of alarm and enquiry)

(CARROLL lurches past MISS WILDE
clutches doorpost. After a
moment he goes into kitchen.
BRISCOL into shot, takes
MISS WILDE's arm reassuringly
and looks into kitchen)

Shot 97
CUT CAM. 2
~~2 shot BRISCOE/MISS WILDE~~

MISS WILDE: Itts all right. I was just startled to see him.

(others into shot, looking through door)

(CAM.4 to Roller Caption)

BATSCOE: Is the back door open?

MISS WILDE: Oh no, it's always locked, to keep Henry in. The key's over there, in a vase.....

(BRISCOE class door. His eyes
meet JUVENILEs)

... Perhaps he's thirsty... there's nothing else he could want in my little kitchen.... is there?

Shot 98
MIX C.A.M. 1 Ext. Rocket. Night.
2 shot QUINTERMASS/LOMAX

(QUANTITATIVE SS and LOMAX by rank)

QU. TENDLES: Understand no - I want to be proved wrong. But I'm bound to put the sup. option - I have to do that!

pan them right

LOMAX: A living thing....?

QUATERMASS: Perhaps not as we know life.

LOMAX: (Looking up at rocket) Able to pass through solid steel?

QUATERMASS: Like a cosmic ray. But alive.

LOMAX: Invisible.

QUATERMASS: To men. Our eyes are limited.

LOMAX: Able to destroy.

QUATERMASS: To change - to remake other living things -

LOMAX: An intelligence, then?

QUATERMASS: Perhaps.

LOMAX: Higher than ours?

QUATERMASS: Different.

LOMAX: And if it were - if it entered the rocket... then when... everything had happened, it went away?

QUATERMASS: Perhaps... it stayed.

(Their eyes meet)

LOMAX: You don't mean... him?
(Looks in direction CARROLL went)

(Track in on QUATERMASS's
drawn anxious face)

Pull back as they
walk down

Shot99
CUT CAM.3
Single QUATERMASS

Pan left to single LOMAX

Shot 100
CUT CAM.1
Single shot QUATERMASS

Shot101
MIX CAM 4 Roller Caption.

GRAMS. DISC:
E/U music.

END: